

# Red, by Stewart Sheargold

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## [Part One]

(Beeps getting faster.)

WHITENOISE: All my systems are functioning at optimal levels. You may now interface with this system, Chief Blue.

BLUE: Show me. Show me.

210 [OC]: I don't want to hurt you, my dear. I don't like what you're wearing. It's so red. So red. Red. Red. Red! Red! Red!!!

WHITENOISE: Subject 210, Vletra. Homicide. Murder of designated habitat partner by strangulation. Red condition occurred at 1870. My control subsequently ceased.

BLUE: Show me.

879 (woman) [OC]: Can you feel it? I want you to feel, feel the red. Red. Red. Red. Red. Red. Red.

WHITENOISE: Subject 879, Netlon. Homicide. Murder of designated habitat neighbour by strangulation and drowning. Red condition occurred at 1460. My control subsequently ceased.

BLUE: Show me.

1357 [OC]: I feel like killing you. I can see red. You're red. Red. Red. Red! Red! Red! Red! Red! Red.

WHITENOISE: Subject 1357C/, Patch. Homicide. Murder of designated patriarch by strangulation. Red condition occurred at

BLUE: Without comment, Whitenoise.

WHITENOISE: You do not wish to analyse these leads?

BLUE: No. I just like to watch. Play.

210 [OC]: It's so red. So red. Red.

BLUE: Stop. Play.

879 [OC]: Feel the red. Red. Red. Red, red, red.

BLUE: Stop. Play.

1357 [OC]: I can see red. You're red. Red. Red.

BLUE: Stop. Play them all.

ALL [OC]: (mixed up) Red. Red. Red. Red. Red. (etc.)

(The Tardis materialises. Tardis door opens.)

DOCTOR: It's here, Mel.

MEL: What is? I wish you'd tell me what's wrong, Doctor.

(Tardis door closes.)

MEL: You're not cracking up on me again, are you?

DOCTOR: Perhaps I am. Oh, I haven't felt like this for a long time. I feel something is definitely wrong here.

MEL: Yes, there's no welcoming committee. I'd noticed.

DOCTOR: No, there's not context. Why warn the Tardis away in the Vortex and then force us to land? Why bring us here?

MEL: That was my question. Look, what happened in the Tardis just now, Doctor? You look like you were attacked.

DOCTOR: I wasn't, but the Tardis was. Some violent Time disruption that played havoc with the telepathic circuits. So whatever happens to her happens, to an extent, to me.

MEL: If something can do that to the Tardis, do you really think we should go looking for it?

DOCTOR: All the more reason, Mel. I don't like what it did to the old girl. It hurt her.

MEL: Then I guess we'd better find out where we are.

DOCTOR: Ah!

MEL: Doctor?

DOCTOR: Residual psychic energy. It's still here.

MEL: Where?

DOCTOR: A colour. A feeling. Red.

MEL: Is not my colour. Nor yours, for that matter. Come on, Doctor. I think we should get back inside the Tardis, just until you make more sense.

DOCTOR: We can't. Not until I find out what happened to her. It's not safe in there. Oh! This way, Mel.

MEL: Doctor? What is it you say about wandering off on alien planets? Oh, he is cracking up on me. Again.

MEL: Doctor? Doctor, where are you?

(Wibble.)

MEL: Doctor!

DOCTOR: I'm here, Mel. It's all right.

MEL: I'm standing on air! That can't be all right. I'm not good with heights.

DOCTOR: Then I suggest you don't look down. It's an invisible forcefield, I expect. This building is obviously some sort of living, biomechanical construction. I noticed it moving and adapting to our presence.

MEL: So it is moving? I thought it was my peripheral vision playing tricks on me.

DOCTOR: Oh, it's perfectly safe, Mel. Why don't you just appreciate the view?

MEL: I'd appreciate it if we weren't so high up, and if it weren't so bleak.

DOCTOR: I'm afraid it's not as bleak as what I've found.

MEL: Oh. Are they dead?

DOCTOR: I'm afraid the woman is, yes. She was strangled some little time ago. The man seems comatose. I imagine he killed her. Whatever I felt has gone now. Whatever caused this.

MEL: Do you think this has something to do with whatever hurt the Tardis?

DOCTOR: Possibly. I'm not sure. Yet. But it certainly disturbed me.

MEL: Oh, Doctor. Why is it always the same wherever we go?

DOCTOR: This isn't the same, Mel. This feels much worse.

(Woman struggling, screams. Evil cackling then electronic repeat of Red, Red, Red.)

CELIA: No! Oh. Oh. Wait a minute. Whitenoise?

WHITENOISE: Is something wrong?

CELIA: This is not my habitat. I don't keep my cradle room like this.

WHITENOISE: This is the habitat designated for Celia Fortunaté. DNA scan confirms this is you. Your rooms may have redesigned themselves based on subconscious desires you experienced while asleep.

CELIA: No, it's not that. I'm always aware when that happens. Something's not right. I can feel it.

Something's changed while I slept. Tell me what happened last night.

WHITENOISE: You were visited at 1834 by subject Vi Vulquen. (*pronounced Yulken. Danish, I expect.*) You engaged in conversation over a light meal that you had prepared. At 1980 you both indulged in recreational viewing of blood sport simulations. Vi Vulquen took her leave of you at 0158. You programmed the Needle to clean the habitat and took yourself off to your cradle, where you slept until waking now.

CELIA: I don't remember that.

WHITENOISE: Nevertheless, it occurred. I have records transmitted directly from your chip.

CELIA: Did you monitor my sleep?

WHITENOISE: Naturally. I do not switch off. I constantly monitor my subjects for their well-being. In REM state you suffered a mild psychological disturbance, possibly induced by your viewing of the simulations.

CELIA: A nightmare?

WHITENOISE: I would like to prescribe a mild antidepressant for you.

(Plink.)

CELIA: Pills? It's not me I'm worried about. It's something else. Something's changed.

WHITENOISE: A nightmare can disorientate you. These pills will help you to achieve clarity again. I can remove the nightmare if you would like me to.

CELIA: No, I don't want you tampering with my head. Not any more than you have to, anyway.

WHITENOISE: Can I help you further?

CELIA: No, thanks. I feel much better already. Goodbye. (beep) But I won't be needing your pills, Whitenoise. I think I'll get a second opinion.

BLUE: Morning, Whitenoise. Did you sleep well?

WHITENOISE: I have told you before, Chief Blue, that I do not operate within the limited physical or temporal parameters that your species sets for itself.

BLUE: I know. I get you every time with that, don't I?

WHITENOISE: You misunderstand me. I recognise your... joke, Chief Blue. It is my reiteration which makes you keep telling it, and which keeps you believing that you are superior to me.

BLUE: You've been stringing me along?

WHITENOISE: It is necessary for me to mimic some human abilities in order to understand my subjects, and to aid your and my continuing harmonious working relationship.

BLUE: Yes, but you'll never be human. You'll always be a machine.

WHITENOISE: And you will always be fallible if you remain human. Have you considered my offer to augment you? You will become more efficient.

BLUE: You need me as I am. I understand your subjects and your behaviour much better than you ever can.

WHITENOISE: That is an incorrect inference, but I accede that I need your knowledge of your species as a guide of reference. My augmentation of you would not interfere with that.

BLUE: No, Whitenoise. Like you, I am far too concerned with control. And you forget, I was put here to oversee your continuing smooth operation, not vice versa. All machines break down one way or another.

WHITENOISE: That came very close to a threat with intent, Chief Blue. I will have to edit such thoughts from you if they become stronger.

BLUE: I'm sorry, Whitenoise.

WHITENOISE: You have nothing to be sorry for. It is a defect of your species, this violent intent, but I have cured that.

BLUE: Nothing inconvenient happened during the night?

WHITENOISE: Subject 2660, Celia Fortunaté, experienced violent delusions during an REM state.

BLUE: Did you edit her?

WHITENOISE: No. They were vivid images that held no literal violent purpose. There are also two intruders in this Needle who have not been chipped.

BLUE: Show me.

DOCTOR [OC]: This isn't the same, Mel. This feels much worse.

MEL [OC]: We have to report this to the relevant authorities. I presume they must have something like that here.

DOCTOR [OC]: Never presume anything about a foreign society.

MEL [OC]: We can't just leave them there like that.

BLUE: You Red-lined again.

WHITENOISE: Yes. I experienced a Red condition on subject 2098, Skilta, at 0480, and my control ceased.

BLUE: You're the managing sentinel. You're not supposed to lose control. We have got to find out where this killer is hiding, unless... Are they the murderers?

DOCTOR [OC]: There's nothing we can do for them now. I don't know how things operate here yet. I suggest we wait and see if our presence provokes an action.

WHITENOISE: I cannot read them. They have not been chipped.

MEL [OC]: As we're standing over a dead body, it may provoke whoever to come and lock *us* up.

DOCTOR [OC]: Oh, I'm a dab hand at prison breaks, and at least we'll get some answers.

MEL [OC]: What if they want some answers too? I'm liable to tell them anything if torture's on the cards.

DOCTOR [OC]: Don't over-react. There's no reason for the torture routine yet.

MEL [OC]: Never presume anything about a foreign society, Doctor.

DOCTOR [OC]: Hmm. Yes, you could be right. Best to assume we're guilty until proven innocent. I do have that rather unfortunate effect on people.

BLUE: Bring them here. They're a danger if they haven't been chipped. They could create chaos.

WHITENOISE: I will programme the Needle.

(A parrot or similar squawks.)

CELIA: Hello, Max. Is Vulquen available? (squawk) Come on, I know you're in there, Vulquen. Is Max still vetting your visitors for you? It's me, Celia. (door opens) Thanks, Max. I'm surprised Whitenoise lets you stay here after that business with Rekury. (door closes) Vulquen?

VULQUEN [OC]: (Sandi Toksvig) He's not a violent animal. He didn't intend harm. I only wished to show Rekury that he was not welcome here. There is, however, a certain satisfying primitive animalism I sometimes feel through my link with the bird. You should try it. You wouldn't be so uptight.

CELIA: Not if I have to wear that to achieve it. I never know if you're happy to see me with that on. Take it off.

VULQUEN: I'm always happy to see you, Celia, mask on or off. I see you've done your hair differently. I like it.

CELIA: I haven't done it at all, Vulquen.

VULQUEN: Well, you look, er, natural. It's nice. And how many times have I asked you, please, call me Vi. Vulquen is so impersonal.

CELIA: That's why I use it. I'm sorry, but I'd rather not have pleasurable thoughts about you if they're only going to be curbed by Whitenoise. He thinks a physical pleasure is the precursor to violence.

VULQUEN: So good of him to remove the urge.

CELIA: It's simple for him. He's a machine. He operates on the logic of things. He doesn't feel.

VULQUEN: The same could now be said of us. Still, I'm glad that I can afford you a small measure of feeling, even if it is then removed. But my manners are dreadful. Turn that noise off. It's a repeat, anyway. Please, sit down.

(Sound of rotors.)

CELIA: Who's that?

VULQUEN: A customer.

CELIA: Oh, should I have made an appointment?

VULQUEN: Of course not. Don't be silly. Excuse me, this won't take a moment. Enable access.

DRAUN: Hiya, Vi.

VULQUEN: Don't secure your dirigible, Draun. You won't be here that long.

DRAUN: I made an appointment.

VULQUEN: And I'm keeping it. Briefly. Do you have what I want?

DRAUN: Yeah. But it's becoming too difficult to get, Vi.

VULQUEN: It's my standard price. You never complained before.

DRAUN: What do you need passware for anyway? You've got everything up here.

VULQUEN: Not quite. I'm not... responsible up here, for anything, including your inability to pay me the agreed price for your habit.

DRAUN: Yeah, well, all right. Nuane isn't going to be happy about this though.

VULQUEN: Why doesn't that surprise me? Here's your Slow. Now please remove that great big filthy dirigible from my habitat. I have a guest I would like to entertain.

DRAUN: Sure. I'll be seeing you around, Vi.

VULQUEN: Sorry about that. You know what it's like, having a business.

CELIA: Slow?

VULQUEN: Yes. Do you want it?

CELIA: No thanks. I already have one controlling influence inside my head. I don't particularly want another.

VULQUEN: It opens up the synapses, makes you more responsive to external stimuli. It's only perceptual, of course, but some have said that they have been able to override the chip for a time while on the Slow. It make you... feel.

CELIA: I don't want to feel.

VULQUEN: Yes, you do. You just don't know it yet. Something's wrong, isn't it?

CELIA: I need you to tell me everything that happened last night. Everything you remember. Something just doesn't add up. Something's changed. I have a horrible feeling that I've been edited.

MEL: Doctor, the building's moving.

DOCTOR: I think we've been noticed, Mel. Run!

MEL: I can't! The floor, it's stuck to me.

DOCTOR: It's being manipulated, probably programmed to take us somewhere.

MEL: For questioning, no doubt. Look, hello, whoever you are, we didn't have anything to do with this woman's death.

DOCTOR: It may not be that simple.

MEL: Doctor, we're going to become a lot thinner if these walls keep closing in.

DOCTOR: I think you've reached your optimum slimness already.

MEL: What are you going to do?

DOCTOR: What I'm best at. Interfering. If I jam my umbrella here – excellent – I can access the building's mechanics. Don't worry, I'll have us out of this in a jiffy. Now, if I can just press here. Oh. That's not supposed to happen.

MEL: Doctor, that hasn't helped.

DOCTOR: I'm not exactly familiar with this system, Mel. Hold on.

MEL: Doctor, the room's being sucked back into the building. I'm being pushed outside!

DOCTOR: Nearly there. Come on, come on, give me a doorway. Ah!

MEL: What now?

DOCTOR: The building, it's restraining me. Mel, hang on to something.

MEL: There's not a lot of options. Doctor, it's a long way down.

DOCTOR: Hold on!

MEL: (receding) Doctor...

(In the dirigible.)

DRAUN: What's she need passware for anyway? I'm not responsible for your inability to pay me the agreed price for your habit. Rancid old sow's getting too pricey. Got to find another vendor.

MEL: (falling) Doctor...

DRAUN: Whoa! Easy there. You've been in worse. Come on, you old thing, level off. There, that's better. Now, what happened? Well, it isn't every day a beautiful red-head falls into my life.

MEL: Oh, Doctor?

DRAUN: Paradise too much for you, was it? Can't remember the last suicide attempt. They never work. Machine always stops you. Come to think of it, why didn't he stop you?

MEL: I, I can't move.

DRAUN: Easy, Red. You're lucky. You landed on the air tanks. Make a nice cushion. Or a bed.

MEL: Please, I've got to go back.

DRAUN: You can't go back. Better come with me

MEL: Doctor?

DRAUN: Hold on there, Red. You'll be fine. You didn't fall that far. And I've got something much better than a doctor. Well, it may kill you, but then I don't imagine you'd care about that since you just threw yourself out of the Needle. You're going to love it.

WHITENOISE: The Needle is conveying unregistered subject Doctor.

BLUE: Good. We may finally have the killer under our control.

WHITENOISE: We cannot be certain of that. He must be chipped. If he has hosted the killer, then I can trace it. You are in the city of Untrakar, unregistered subject. You will be welcome after your induction.

DOCTOR: You're going to be very sorry you met me, computer. You've just killed a friend of mine. Oh, you may find that funny, but I think you'll also find I always get the last laugh.

BLUE: Threats with actual intent are a novelty here. No one can kill anyone, in the Needle at least. Isn't that right, Whitenoise?

WHITENOISE: Chief Blue is correct. You do not understand our society. There are certain indoctrination procedures that must be performed before you can move about freely, for the safety of us all.

DOCTOR: My companion is...

WHITENOISE: Currently on board a dirigible bound for the dwellings beneath the Needle. Since she is not chipped, I cannot ascertain her health, but subject 1034 Draun believes she is alive and safe.

DOCTOR: Safe? I doubt that. Perhaps you should take a look at room 406. A woman has been murdered. We were attempting to contact someone in authority when your building attacked us.

BLUE: It's simply not possible for you to have seen that.

WHITENOISE: I have eradicated all violent urges here.

DOCTOR: Now that's not possible. Attempts have been made. Violence always bleeds through.

BLUE: Our attempt has been successful. We live in a crime-free society. Our subjects cannot commit murder.

DOCTOR: Well, someone can.

WHITENOISE: You are placing yourself in the guilty position by admitting this.

DOCTOR: You obviously don't know me very well. Yet.

BLUE: We know you are capable of violence simply because you have not been chipped.

DOCTOR: Chipped?

WHITENOISE: Each subject has a nanochip implanted in their brain which I can control. When a violent urge initiates, the chip gives a small, barely noticeable, electric shock, and removes the intent for harm. They are usually not even aware it occurs. It is a humane method of control.

DOCTOR: No, actually it's obscene. You're slaving people to a machine.

BLUE: We have their consent. Those in the Needle have chosen to live like this, without pain, anger, hurt or responsibility for their actions.

DOCTOR: They can't really believe that's living. You're denying them very real, very necessary emotions. Denying them the freedom to choose, to make their own lives. People have to be able to decide on their own actions and to take responsibility for those actions. You're denying them what makes them human.

WHITENOISE: It is necessary to deny it for continued peaceful existence.

DOCTOR: I wouldn't expect a machine to understand. What idiot put you in charge?

BLUE: We all did. It was agreed. And I agree with Whitenoise that you will have to be chipped. Anyone who is not chipped is a random element, capable of crime, capable of harming the delicate equilibrium of this city.

WHITENOISE: You're a danger to us, stranger. I cannot allow that.

DOCTOR: And I cannot allow you to chip me. You cannot control me. I'm always the random element, the spanner in the bonnet, the bee in the works. I always get exactly where you don't want me to get.

WHITENOISE: Restrain him. Beginning procedure.

DOCTOR: I warn you, this will end badly!

BLUE: No, it won't. He's done thousands of these. We're removing your ability to harm. We certainly don't want to harm you as we do it.

DOCTOR: I mean what's going to happen afterwards. Argh!

VULQUEN: After dinner? Why, I think we sat and watched simulations. My memory of last night is a little hazy, Celia. Probably too much good wine.

CELIA: Well, your memories of the night seem to correspond with what Whitenoise told me. Maybe I'm worrying about nothing. Although I recall now that you left in rather a hurry. Why? Was something wrong?

VULQUEN: Er, yes. Now that I do remember. I had to let in an acquaintance. From below, you understand.

CELIA: You aren't still doing that, are you?

VULQUEN: Celia, you know I pursue all possible avenues for even the slightest bit of a feeling that is denied me. The men in the city below have the advantage of being able to commit harm.

CELIA: Why does Whitenoise let you get away with it?

VULQUEN: I'm not the one committing any sort of violence. Though Chief Blue did question me the other day as to whether I wanted my chip deactivated.

CELIA: And have you take on absolute responsibility? That'll never happen.

VULQUEN: Not to mention having to leave here and live in that dreadful city below.

CELIA: You're such a snob, Vulquen.

VULQUEN: It's not a crime to want everything, Celia. What I don't want is the messy aftermath. The consequences.

CELIA: We can't have everything. We already made that choice.

VULQUEN: No, *he* made that choice for us. Besides, I'm working on something that might give us some leverage there.

CELIA: You're not trying to hack the deactivation codes again, are you?

VULQUEN: No. This is something better. I've heard some rather interesting rumours about the existence of a

Red tape. A recording of extreme acts of violence.

CELIA: A recording?

VULQUEN: I have it on good authority - the best, in fact – that the recordings are not false. Not fictional. They're real.

CELIA: Come on. Someone's just trying to excite you, to get into your inner circle.

VULQUEN: But what if they *are* real? If the chips are affected, we can commit violence, and Whitenoise is fallible.

CELIA: And we could all be in danger.

VULQUEN: Exciting, isn't it? I want that tape. Not only will it question Whitenoise's hold and his continued performance, it's a little piece of art.

CELIA: And I suppose you want me to access the mainframe and see if there's any mention of it?

VULQUEN: You have a gift, Celia, which no one else has. An illegal one, which makes it all the more charming, but a gift nonetheless. It'd be a shame not to use it while you still can. Please, do it for me.

MEL: Hello? Hello? Is anybody there? I can't seem to move. I must have pinched a nerve in the fall. Hello? Can someone please help me?

(Door opens.)

DRAUN: Red, you're up.

(Door closes.)

MEL: The name's Mel, not Red. I had enough of that in school, thanks. Speaking of thanks, I probably should thank you for saving my life, Mister... what did you say your name was?

DRAUN: Draun. And saving your life wasn't anything to do with me. Just happened to be there at the time. You got lucky.

MEL: That's good. I thought it had all run out.

DRAUN: It has. You're not safe here. Not now that you're out of your precious Needle.

MEL: I'm sorry? I don't understand. But that's not really surprising.

DRAUN: You're in more danger here than you ever were up there. You just don't know it yet. I could kill you, here, now, in this room, with everybody next door hearing everything, and nobody would stop it.

MEL: Oh, you're kidding, right? (knife drawn) Oh. Okay. Knives can be silent, I see that. You're turning out to be a right bundle of laughs.

VULQUEN: Thank you for that, Celia. It's most appreciated.

CELIA: Well, at least you know the tape really exists now, Vulquen. Good luck trying to get it.

VULQUEN: That's why I've been accumulating passware, to hack into Whitenoise's system. And I have friends in low places who know how to help.

CELIA: Be careful, Vulquen. You want too much. Goodbye, Max.

VULQUEN: He likes you.

CELIA: I'll see you later, Vulquen.

VULQUEN: Celia, I wish some harm on you.

CELIA: Thank you.

BLUE: The Needle has sent the Doctor back to room 406, Whitenoise. I take it you've edited out the killing he witnessed?

WHITENOISE: I did, Chief Blue. I would like to analyse the recording of his induction. The procedure did not run as expected.

BLUE: He did seem to experience some great pain. It was very troubling, and he knew it was going to happen.

WHITENOISE: It will be best to monitor him closely. Some new individuals do not integrate well into this society.

BLUE: What about his companion?

WHITENOISE: I have instilled in subject 3999 the Doctor a desire to bring her back to us. His care for her is strong in any case. It only required rearranging.

BLUE: You did notice that he Red-lined during the process.

WHITENOISE: I could not fail to notice, Chief Blue. It would seem to indicate that there is a possible link between the Doctor and our elusive killer, though I could not find any evidence of previous association with the killer. It would be best to watch him.

BLUE: Oh, I will. I'll watch him very carefully.

UVIOL: Will you hurry up, Leterel?

LETEREL [OC]: Stop worrying. We're not late yet.

UVIOL: (sotto) There's not enough time to fix your face.

LETEREL [OC]: There's nothing worse than arriving early at a party, Uviol. And Rejury absolutely hates people who arrive at his gallery early.

Uviol: (sotto) Tell you what I hate. I hate... hate... hate...

LETEREL [OC]: What was that, dear?

Uviol: I hate you, dear.

DOCTOR: Oh Mel, what have I said about wandering off on alien planets. Ah! What am I doing on the floor? I never sleep. Sleep is for tortoises. Back in the lookout room. Something is very wrong here. I Argh! I hate. I hate you, dear.

(Alarm sounds.)

BLUE: Is something wrong, Whitenoise?

WHITENOISE: Subject 2234 Uviol. Red condition is occurring. My control has ceased.

BLUE: Show me.

Uviol [OC]: I'll tell you what I hate. I hate... hate... hate...

LETEREL [OC]: What was that, dear?

Uviol [OC]: I hate you, dear.

WHITENOISE: I have also lost control of subject 3999 the Doctor. He is also red-lining.

BLUE: Two at once? How is that possible?

WHITENOISE: I do not know. The Doctor is experiencing Uviol's Red condition.

BLUE: Where is the Doctor?

WHITENOISE: He is in the lookout room. He is alone.

BLUE: Show me both of them. Now.

LETEREL [OC]: Are you ready, dear?

DOCTOR + Uviol [OC]: Yes, dear. I'm ready.

LETEREL [OC]: Uviol, are you all right? You look pale. You have taken your pills today, haven't you?

DOCTOR + Uviol [OC]: Of course I have.

BLUE: Why is the Doctor mimicking Uviol?

WHITENOISE: They are currently synchronised.

BLUE: They're both Red-lining. Then the Doctor does have an association with the killer.

LETEREL [OC]: Are you sure you're all right, Uviol?

DOCTOR + Uviol [OC]: Yes, I'm fine.

LETEREL [OC]: Uviol! Uviol, let go. What are you doing?

DOCTOR + Uviol [OC]: I'm hurting you. I haven't felt like this for a long time. It feels so good, so Red. So Red. Red. Red. Red.

LETEREL [OC]: Uviol. Uviol, you're hurting me!

DOCTOR + Uviol [OC]: Yes, it feels so good.

DOCTOR: They've wanted to do this for so long now. Make you Red, so Red, so... No! I will not do this.

Uviol [OC]: Yes, Red. Make her Red.

LETEREL [OC]: Uviol!

DOCTOR [OC]: No, you cannot make me do this!

BLUE: Whitenoise, stop this. The chip in his head has linked him with Uviol. The Doctor's not doing anything wrong himself, but he thinks he is.

WHITENOISE: I cannot stop. There is too much Red.

Uviol [OC]: Red. Red. Red.

DOCTOR + Uviol [OC]: Red. Red. Red, Red, Red, Red, Red, Red.

DOCTOR: No. Please. Red. Red. Please, please. Somebody help me.

## **[Part Two]**

WHITENOISE: Subject 486 designated Leterel, lifesigns are entering critical failure.

BLUE: I can't believe I'm watching this.

WHITENOISE: You should not be feeling excitement, Chief Blue.

BLUE: And you should be able to stop it, Whitenoise, but you can't.

DOCTOR: Red. Red. Red. Red.

CELIA: I heard screaming. What's wrong with you?

DOCTOR: Help me. Red. Red.

CELIA: Red? No, I can't.

DOCTOR: Please, I... Red. Go to the Red.

WHITENOISE: Subject 786 Leterel, lifesigns extinguished.

DOCTOR [OC]: No!  
(Unintelligible alien voice.)  
BLUE: What was that?

CELIA: Are you all right?  
DOCTOR: I've just killed someone.  
CELIA: That's not  
DOCTOR: Possible. No. He had his hands round her throat. He was squeezing the life out of her. I could hear him, feel him, see him. But when he snapped her neck... he learned that from me. He took that from me!  
CELIA: Who?  
DOCTOR: Red.  
CELIA: Your chip, did it malfunction?  
DOCTOR: My chip. What have they done to me?  
CELIA: Come and sit down. Get your breath back.  
DOCTOR: Thank you.  
CELIA: Celia. Celia Fortunaté.  
DOCTOR: I'm the Doctor. Or I will be, when I get myself in order. For a moment back there I wasn't me at all.  
CELIA: What exactly were you?  
DOCTOR: Something cold, something cruel, something bad. Celia, are you familiar with this Needle?  
CELIA: Yes, of course.  
DOCTOR: Good. I need you to take me to room 1149 at once.

DRAUN: I call this Little Babe. I wonder if you two might become friends? Now, steady, Red. I just want to make a small cut...  
MEL: Stay away from me, Draun.  
DRAUN: Come on, you'll like it. Feel a bit.  
MEL: If you want me scared, then I'm already there. This isn't necessary.  
DRAUN: Just a little slice across your arm, like mine. I can't trust you till you've let blood.  
MEL: Wait. Wait. You like to feel? I can help you feel.  
DRAUN: Oh yeah?  
MEL: Yes. (breaking glass) Now keep back! I may still be half-paralysed but I've got a good swinging arm, and there's plenty more bottles there.  
DRAUN: I wasn't going to hurt you, Red.  
MEL: Well, it was a pretty convincing performance.  
DRAUN: Really? You really think so? Thanks.  
MEL: Thanks? You were going to cut me.  
DRAUN: Only a little. It's all about the image, here. You Needle people have to understand what it's like down here. You are in danger, but only because you don't know the rules. We can hurt each other here. Actually, you surprised me with that bottle. Thought your chip wouldn't have allowed that.  
MEL: Chip?  
DRAUN: You really must have fallen hard. You know, the chip we all have inside our heads. The one that stops us – well, you – from being violent? Makes you into irresponsible hedonistic snobs?  
MEL: I don't have a chip inside my head, and I'm afraid I'm responsible for all my actions.  
DRAUN: Not chipped? You're kidding me.  
MEL: No. I'm an honest person. To a fault.  
DRAUN: Prove it. Go on, hit me with a bottle again.  
MEL: I think I must have hit you hard enough the first time.  
DRAUN: Go on, please. If you don't, Little Babe will be forced to cut you. Quite deep.  
MEL: I thought you said you wouldn't hurt me.  
DRAUN: Yeah, but I have the choice. My chip has been turned off. Violence is a high art, but we know it's not really practical. We just like the feelings. We can control it if we want, or we can just let go. So I can hurt you, if I really want to. Or rather, Little Babe can.  
MEL: Don't come any closer. Please, I don't want to hurt you.  
DRAUN: But I want you to hurt me. Come on, Red.  
MEL: You asked for it. (glass breaks) Sorry.  
DRAUN: Don't be sorry. You really can commit harm. With no chip, no control, no rules, I wonder how much harm you can do?  
MEL: Unfortunately, just being with me is dangerous. The Doctor has that effect.  
DRAUN: Really? Great. I want you to meet my sister. Nuane'll be really pleased about this.  
MEL: Hang on. What about this paralysis?  
DRAUN: Don't worry, she'll be able to help with that too.



BLUE: Replay that section, Whitenoise.

(The weird electronic unintelligible.)

BLUE: What is that? I can't see anything there.

WHITENOISE: I can only assume, Chief Blue, that it is the killer. It is manifesting in hosts and influencing their physical form to commit its violence.

BLUE: But how is it overriding the chip? That's what we have to find out if we're going to stop it.

WHITENOISE: Of course we are going to stop it. That is my programming. I cannot allow this to continue.

BLUE: I don't see how we can stop it, if we don't know where the killer comes from or disappears to.

WHITENOISE: There has been an interesting development regarding subject 3999 the Doctor. I attempted to edit him after the murder in line with my programming.

BLUE: Attempted?

WHITENOISE: I cannot. My control of the Doctor through his chip has ceased completely. I can only monitor him.

BLUE: Then he's even more dangerous because he can remember.

WHITENOISE: My analysis of the situation shows that the Doctor was not the antagonist during this murder. He has undergone a process of synchronisation with the killer. I do not understand how. Data is not yet readily available. But as he is now linked, we can monitor him.

BLUE: Use him to draw out the killer.

WHITENOISE: Discover where the killer resides and how it is able to override my control. With this information I can then formulate plans to kill it.

BLUE: Kill it? That's a bit reactionary.

WHITENOISE: I must adhere to my programming. I know that I am not at fault. Something out there is at odds with my function. I must stop it.

BLUE: In that case, a Doctor is exactly what we need.

DOCTOR: Oh, it's a rather disconcerting form of travel, this.

CELIA: You get used to it, Doctor. It's a standard feature of the chip. The Needle's alive and linked to Whitenoise. We just have to visualise where we want to go and the Needle takes us there. Saves a lot of getting lost, not to mention walking.

DOCTOR: I like walking, stretching the legs. Yes, it's good for you. Besides, you should never trust machines, Celia, especially ones in charge.

CELIA: You haven't given me any reason not to yet.

DOCTOR: Yes, I have, otherwise you wouldn't have helped.

CELIA: Perhaps I'm just bored and need a distraction.

DOCTOR: You're going to get one, believe me. It was here. There's still residual energy. Red.

CELIA: Red?

DOCTOR: Yes. Red. You reacted like that before. Frightened. You are going to help because you recognise the Red. What's going on?

CELIA: You tell me. You're the one who thinks there's a conspiracy. I'm telling you, the chip cannot be overridden.

DOCTOR: You don't believe that. You don't have the attitude to exist comfortably in this society. You don't even have the right style of name. How did you come to be here?

CELIA: I don't remember.

DOCTOR: Please. You haven't been able to tell anyone else, but you can tell me.

CELIA: Since I woke this morning, everything hasn't been the same. I've been having nightmares, flashes of something awful, something violent. I don't understand why. They should have been removed. It, it's upsetting. I think I may have done something terrible. I was edited, but the edit didn't work. It's coming back. I'm remembering.

DOCTOR: A bleed-through effect. These chips, they quell violent urges?

CELIA: Yes. That's their whole purpose.

DOCTOR: Doesn't stop the thought, just the action.

CELIA: That's enough, surely.

DOCTOR: There has to be some catharsis, some runoff, some bleed-through. I mean, you can't bottle up all these violent thoughts and not expect that.

CELIA: No one else experiences this.

DOCTOR: Really? Then where does all their violence go? You should be glad. You're feeling something.

CELIA: I don't want to feel.

DOCTOR: Of course you do. You cannot be alive and not feel.

CELIA: We're under the machine. It takes what we should not think. We sleep, wake, and walk about wanting what we cannot have. It's turned us into machines. We don't live, we just exist.

DOCTOR: Then let me help you. I will not be slaved to a machine.

CELIA: You're not exactly in control of yourself. What can you do to help?

DOCTOR: Unlike this society, I can do anything I want. I'm not going to let this thing keep harming people.

Besides, I have a friend out there. Room 1149. Yes, it was here. Hmm, where's the doorbell?

CELIA: Let me. Uviol? Are you in? He's coming.

DOCTOR: Another standard feature.

CELIA: Not exactly. I have certain special features with my chip.

DOCTOR: Which we'll have to discuss at a later date.

CELIA: You're not going to find anything.

DOCTOR: We'll see.

UVIOL: Celia?

DOCTOR: Ah. This might sound a little strange, but we've come to check on the health of your wife.

CELIA: He means your designated habitat partner.

UVIOL: Very funny, Celia. Have you just come round to get me back for my party stunt? You know I don't have one. I've never had one.

DRAUN: Hey there, sis.

NUANE: Is this her? She doesn't look dangerous.

DRAUN: She has a good arm and a good aim.

MEL: I was only defending myself.

NUANE: Draun tells me you haven't been chipped. Why not?

MEL: I've only just arrived in your city.

NUANE: Every incoming ship has to pass through the Sphere. That's where Whitenoise infects your systems, to bring you to where he can chip you. How did you escape that?

MEL: Well, our ship did have some sort of seizure, and there was an accident in a high-rise and I got pushed out. I'm just glad your brother was there to catch my fall.

NUANE: Then you really aren't chipped. You could really hurt someone.

MEL: I don't want to hurt anyone. I just want someone to help me. And then I have to look for my friend, and give him a piece of my mind for what he got me into, yet again.

DRAUN: Is your friend still in the Needle?

MEL: I suppose he is.

DRAUN: Then he will have been chipped.

MEL: That sounds like a bad thing. What do these chips do?

NUANE: They turn us into slaves the machine can control. He takes away any harmful urges we have.

MEL: So that's why your brother couldn't hurt me.

DRAUN: Oh, everyone in this city below has had their chips turned off. We all used to live in the Needle.

MEL: But you wouldn't all fit.

NUANE: It's a living building, slaved to Whitenoise, the ruling machine. It adapts to the occupant's thoughts via their chip. It used to be hundreds of metres high, but not everyone wanted the lifestyle the decadents in the Needle have.

MEL: Well, regardless of the lifestyle, I just want to get back there.

NUANE: You can't get into the Needle unless you're asked by one of the decadents.

MEL: But if you're chipped, surely you'll be able to manipulate it?

DRAUN: Doesn't work that way. You see, it was a huge cost to keep Whitenoise running, so it was privatised. Small set of Blues to look after its maintenance. About the same time, people got all shirty about invasion of privacy, that sort of stuff, so there was a vote.

NUANE: Those who wanted to be under the machine, controlled, irresponsible and necessarily free of violence, could remain in the Needle. Those who wanted otherwise would have their chips decommissioned. But, for the safety of those in the Needle, would have to leave. We left.

DRAUN: It was quite a shock, having this ability for violence again, but after a wave of crime and murders people got it out of their system.

MEL: Out of their system? That's awful. You can't just purge yourself like a machine.

NUANE: Well, that's what we did. After so long under the machine we were disgusted at our capacity for violence. We couldn't handle the reality of it. We suffered the consequences of our actions. We learned, so it stopped. We simply chose not to harm. So, you see, Draun wouldn't have hurt you.

DRAUN: Yeah, and now we keep ourselves anaesthetised to subdue the violent instinct.

MEL: But that's just doing the same as the machine. You're no better off.

NUANE: Yes, we are. We recognise it's there. We don't deny it.

MEL: That's actually not very comforting.

NUANE: Besides, shouldn't it be us who are frightened of you? You are an outsider, not governed or even familiar with any of our self-imposed rules.

DRAUN: We're intrigued about you.

NUANE: You're what we were. You're innocent, dangerous.

DRAUN: You're high art, Red.

DOCTOR: You know Uviol?

CELIA: Of course I do.

DOCTOR: And you agree with him that he never had a designated habitat partner?

CELIA: Yes.

DOCTOR: He did, Celia. He killed her. I saw the killer in him do it. I felt him do it. I looked into her eyes. She was so frightened and so surprised that someone she cared for had turned on her, was hurting her. Do you think I'm making this up?

CELIA: I don't know.

DOCTOR: Her name was Leterel. Do you know it?

CELIA: It's familiar, but I don't...

DOCTOR: Remember ever meeting a Leterel?

CELIA: You mean I've been edited? It's true, then.

DOCTOR: Yes. Something is sweeping through this perfect crimeless society, and it is killing people, randomly, without any cause. Just the slightest inkling of violence it can find in a host. It's cruel. It wants to hurt.

CELIA: But the chips, they worked before.

DOCTOR: Then something has changed. Something to do with Whitenoise. It knows murder has been committed. It has to erase any evidence to conform with its programming, to control all violence. It's edited everyone who ever knew a Leterel, and the Needle's erased every bit of her existence. You saw that habitat. A bachelor's pad if ever I saw one.

CELIA: It's just a theory. You can't prove it.

DOCTOR: Will you only believe me when my hands are around your throat? There will be more killings, so stick with me and you will have your proof. Not that it will satisfy either of us.

CELIA: Doctor, I think you should meet a friend of mine. She knows something.

DOCTOR: What does she know?

CELIA: There's a Red tape, a tape of all the murders. It exists. I didn't want to believe it, but it does.

DOCTOR: How did you find this out?

CELIA: I have a special ability. I can interface with Whitenoise. He doesn't know it. It's not exactly legal.

DOCTOR: Most special abilities aren't, which doesn't mean you can't use them. Just means you can't get caught using them.

MEL: Is that thing safe, Nuane? I won't be worth much to you if I'm damaged.

NUANE: Hold still. I can't fix you until I diagnose what's wrong.

MEL: You're a doctor?

NUANE: I used to be a psychaliter.

MEL: That's a kind of doctor, is it?

NUANE: Kind of.

MEL: So what are you now?

DRAUN: Me and Nuane are owners of this here fine establishment. Booze and debauchery, it's everything we weren't allowed, but we kind of got a bit excessive.

NUANE: You've fused a vertebrae.

MEL: You say it like there's nothing you can do. You've got technology for this, haven't you?

NUANE: You don't need technology for this.

DRAUN: You need Slow.

MEL: What's that?

NUANE: Something very special.

MEL: Er, a drug? Oh no, no, I don't believe in drugs. Can't you just take me to a doctor, Draun? One of these psychaliters?

DRAUN: Can't trust them. Too familiar with knives, cutting machines.

MEL: I think that's rather the point.

NUANE: We're not taking you to a psychaliter. Slow will heal you. It's not a drug, Mel, not how you think.

DRAUN: It's great. It creates a crystalline nervous system that sits on top of yours, and then, wait for it, it takes you out of time for two minutes.

MEL: Two minutes? I thought you said it was slow.

NUANE: It affects your entire nervous system, places your perception in a state of slow time. You can interact with people, even though they seem slow to you...

DRAUN: But the best thing is, everything you've done and anything that's happened to you in those two minutes only occurs when you calm down.

NUANE: The come-down necessarily has to crumble the crystalline nervous system and realign you with true time. So everything that's happened to you occurs in a tiny moment of fast-forwarded time.

DRAUN: And that's why people take it.

MEL: But that's awful. Why would anyone do that? And how can that possibly help my condition?

NUANE: People think they can feel more on it. It adapts and twists your biology to operate in slow time, and then repairs it when it realigns you to true time. It will help you. It's also said you can actually see violence on

Slow.

MEL: You really are desensitised to the point of not understanding why you want to feel, aren't you. It's sad.

NUANE: It's a better life than the one under the machine. But the way I see it, things balance themselves out. We were denied all this excess, this nihilism, and now we're making up for it.

MEL: Then I'm very sorry for you. And you can't possibly think I'll take this Slow after what you've just told me.

DRAUN: Well, Red, no one's forcing you. It's your choice.

NUANE: Will you take Slow, or do you want to stay paralysed?

MEL [OC]: Doctor, the building's moving.

DOCTOR [OC]: I think we've been noticed, Mel. Run!

MEL [OC]: I can't! The floor (continues under dialogue)

BLUE: Whitenoise, what is the situation with the Doctor's companion?

WHITENOISE: She is still with subject 1034 Draun. She still presents a threat to the integrity of my control.

BLUE: She's less of a threat down there.

WHITENOISE: She is a random element. I cannot predict her intentions.

BLUE: I thought you couldn't predict anyone's intentions down there.

WHITENOISE: That is incorrect, Chief Blue. I have by necessity had to reactivate all chips since the Red condition. I can monitor them all in the city below.

BLUE: I see. Well, they had better not find out about *that*.

WHITENOISE: I have been careful, to an extent.

BLUE: Don't bait me like that. What do you mean?

WHITENOISE: Since the decommissioning, I cannot control the chips of those below with as much care, and the killer is not isolated to the Needle.

BLUE: How many?

WHITENOISE: Twenty five killings so far.

BLUE: So, we have botched edit jobs walking around down there?

WHITENOISE: No, Chief Blue. The edits have held. They are simply not as finite as those I can perform in the Needle.

BLUE: What have you done to them?

WHITENOISE: The process feeds a bolt of electric current into the subject's brain. It can, unfortunately, affect memory. The subject loses time.

BLUE: You can't do that. It's not right. It's not part of your programming.

WHITENOISE: It is necessary to ensure knowledge of the killings does not spread, which is why I am concerned about the Doctor's companion. I cannot control anything she may see. It may be best to simply kill her.

BLUE: I think a diagnosis is called for.

WHITENOISE: For the girl? I cannot do that. She is not chipped.

BLUE: No, for you. You never used to talk of killing before. What's wrong with you?

WHITENOISE: I was never placed in such an undefined dangerous position before, Chief Blue. The circumstances could worsen considerably if I do not regain control. You cannot understand the intricacies of my programming. You are human.

BLUE: That's no reason for a policy of termination. We still have the Doctor. He'll take us to the killer. Or the killer will come to him. Where is he?

WHITENOISE: He is with Celia Fortunaté. They are in Matriarch Vi Vulquen's habitat.

BLUE: This will be an interesting meeting. Show me.

VULQUEN: Celia, what a surprise. Twice in one day. You'll have to be careful. Whitenoise might think you're spending a little too much time with me. And who's this?

CELIA: This is the Doctor. He's interested in the Red tape.

DOCTOR: I'm interested in lots of things. At the moment I'm particularly interested in what exactly is happening to this society.

VULQUEN: You trust him, then.

CELIA: I believe there's something going on and that he can help.

VULQUEN: So, Doctor - what an odd name - why are you interested in the Red tape? Are you... excited by violence?

DOCTOR: No. I abhor it. And it is never the moral option.

VULQUEN: And how would you know that?

DOCTOR: I've seen things that would make you curl into a stuttering ball of denial for the rest of your life.

I've done those things. I've pulled the trigger, pressed the button, detonated the bomb. It doesn't make you feel any better just because you win.

VULQUEN: You're fortunate to have had the experience. You've made the choice not to be violent. Celia and I can't do that.

CELIA: It's simply a concept to us.

DOCTOR: I know. I've seen it before. You remove and alter everything disagreeable to make yourself better. You cut and you cut, but you cut too well and you find that the very thing you've rid yourself of, the very thing you are now denied, is what you so desperately want. I understand you. You're depraved and deprived.

VULQUEN: We do not see any depravity in it. We have gone higher than that. Assuming Celia can download it, how will the tape help you?

DOCTOR: If it's what it sounds like, the tape is suppressed crime scene evidence. It may give us a clue as to where the killer goes after the murder.

VULQUEN: Murder? Then you believe that what is on the tape is real?

DOCTOR: I know it is. There are some times when I despair of being right, but I'm afraid your society needs a Doctor now. We've wasted too much time already. If you're going to download, then we should get started. Celia, are you up for this?

VULQUEN: The passware I have collated will certainly ease the download, though you might be susceptible to the violence on the tape, my girl.

CELIA: I knew there was something wrong with today. All right, let's get this over with. Plug me in.

MEL: Two minutes you say, Draun?

DRAUN: Don't worry, Red. We'll be here, won't we, Nuane? We'll make sure nothing bad happens.

MEL: I'm really not sure I should be doing this.

NUANE: It's your choice, but it's the only way. I'm not certain a psychaliter would do anything for you.

MEL: That's rather a cavalier attitude for a doctor.

NUANE: They're not exactly doctors.

MEL: Oh, all right. I'll do it. Will it hurt?

NUANE: Momentarily. It's one of the reasons it's so popular. Look, it's quite easy. You place it in your ear and it finds its way into your brain tissue. Here. This is Slow.

MEL: It's metallic.

DRAUN: It's part machine, part organic.

MEL: Part machine? I'm not going to have a small metal cube in my head afterwards, am I?

NUANE: No, it dissolves. Are you ready?

MEL: As I'll ever be. Just do it. Quickly.

NUANE: Right, tilt your head a bit. Don't fight it. There.

MEL: How long does it... ah! That hurts!

NUANE: It's building the crystalline nervous system. You'll be fine.

MEL: When will I start to...

(Everything sounds very slowed down.)

DRAUN: Such pretty red hair. Such pretty red hair. I really want to touch it.

NUANE: Draun, is something wrong?

MEL: Oh no. Melanie Bush, what have you done?

(The Doctor cries out.)

VULQUEN: What's wrong with him?

DOCTOR: It's happening again. He's coming, I can feel the Red rising.

CELIA: It's the killer. He's connected to the killer. The Doctor felt him kill someone before.

VULQUEN: So it can happen.

DOCTOR: He's in the city below. Rain, noise. Noise beyond a wall. He's in.

WHITENOISE: Subject 1034 Draun is currently Red-lining. The Doctor is synchronised with the killer in Draun.

BLUE: Record it, Whitenoise. Make sure you get it on the tape. Who's the victim?

WHITENOISE: No violent action has taken place as yet, Chief Blue. There are two other subjects in the room. Subject 1026 designated Nuane, and the Doctor's companion.

BLUE: Show me.

DRAUN [OC]: I like Red. She's so pretty, Red. Make her like her name. So Red. Red. Red.

MEL: Draun, what are you doing? What's the matter, Draun?

DRAUN: Make her like her name. So Red.

MEL: Draun!

BLUE: What's happening down there, Whitenoise?

WHITENOISE: Consciousness of unidentified subject, the Doctor's companion, is no longer synchronised to events.

NUANE [OC]: Come on, stop playing games. She's in Slow. She's not going to feel anything until her two minutes are up.

DRAUN [OC]: Red.  
BLUE: She's in Slow. Oh no.  
DRAUN [OC]: Red. Red.  
BLUE: Show me the Doctor. Quickly.  
DOCTOR [OC]: Red.  
VULQUEN [OC]: It's true! All true! Look, Celia. Look at his violence!  
DOCTOR [OC]: Red. Red.  
CELIA [OC]: It's not him. He's linked to the killer, whichever host it's in. He's become Red.  
DOCTOR [OC]: Red Mel.  
VULQUEN [OC]: It's beautiful.  
BLUE: You wanted the Doctor's companion dead, Whitenoise. Well, it looks like he's going to kill her.  
DOCTOR [OC]: Red Mel. Oh, no, not Mel. Red. Red. Red. Red.

### [Part Three]

MEL: Draun, you said you'd protect me. Nuane, help me, please.  
NUANE: (slow) That's enough. What's come over you? You're going to kill her. Stop it! (normal) Draun, it's gone far enough. She's losing colour. Let her go, now! (slap!)  
DRAUN: Red never stops. Red wants to make more Red.  
NUANE: Who are you?  
DRAUN: I'm your brother, Nuane. I'm his little seed of Red. I'm the devil on the inside. I'm the gun, the knife, the strangling hands around her throat. I'm...

DOCTOR: The Doctor. I am the Doctor. I can sense you, I can feel you, which means I can stop you.  
VULQUEN: Doctor?  
CELIA: Keep away from him. He's with the killer inside his head.  
DOCTOR: He wants me. Let her go. Come and see *my* violence.

MEL [OC]: Someone, please help.  
DRAUN [OC]: Red. Red. Red.  
DOCTOR [OC]: No, not Red. Mel. Mel.  
MEL [OC]: Doctor, is that you?  
DOCTOR [OC]: It's me, Mel. I'm linked to the killer. I can curb his violence, for a time.  
MEL [OC]: Nuane said some people have seen violence on Slow.  
DRAUN [OC]: Different stage of time.  
DOCTOR [OC]: Yes, time. Something to do with time. That's how you can hear us. And time's up, Mel.  
MEL [OC]: What do you mean?  
DRAUN [OC]: Two minutes.  
DOCTOR [OC]: I'll distract the killer. Get ready.  
DRAUN [OC]: First time's a real shock. Now.

(Fast forward voices. Mel coughing.)  
MEL: Draun, stop. It's me, Mel. Red. You like me.  
DRAUN: What am I...? Red?  
NUANE: That's right. Red. She's out.  
DRAUN: Red. Red. Red.  
MEL: Oh no!  
DRAUN: Can't stop me, Doctor.  
NUANE: But I can. Leave my brother alone!  
(Breaking glass.)  
MEL: Thanks, Nuane.  
NUANE: Are you all right?  
DRAUN: Red's not finished yet.

DOCTOR [OC]: Yes, you are. There will be no more killing here today.  
WHITENOISE: Interesting. The Doctor seems to be attempting to exert control over the killer within subject 1034.  
BLUE: Can he do that?  
WHITENOISE: If he can, the Doctor's corpse would be a suitable final host for our killer.  
BLUE: Show me both habitats, Whitenoise.  
DRAUN [OC]: Can't stop me. Can't find me. Can't hurt me. Can't control me.  
DOCTOR [OC]: Wrong. You use me, I use you. You can place your hands round someone's throat, but I won't let you squeeze. I'm the good angel on your shoulder. You really shouldn't have chosen me.

(Electronic unintelligible Red voice.)

DOCTOR [OC]: Leave her alone.

RED [OC]: Can't find me. Can't find me.

DOCTOR [OC]: You can't hide from me. We're linked. I go wherever you go.

RED [OC]: Let's play hide and seek.

WHITENOISE: Red condition has ceased on subject 1034 Draun. The killer has left him.

BLUE: And the Doctor?

WHITENOISE: The Doctor is in continuous Red-line, thus my control of him is not possible. He is experiencing an enormous energy outburst. Analysis reveals it to be of a psychic nature.

BLUE: He and the killer have joined. Just the two of them this time?

WHITENOISE: It appears this may be the case.

DOCTOR: Just go.

CELIA: Doctor? Are you all right?

DOCTOR: I... yes, Celia. I'm fine.

VULQUEN: Did you kill someone again?

DOCTOR: Not this time, Matriarch. I stopped him. Mel's all right for now.

CELIA: But are you?

VULQUEN: You rather seemed to enjoy whatever happened.

DOCTOR: That wasn't me. That was the killer.

VULQUEN: How can you be sure it wasn't you?

DOCTOR: I can be sure because of the chip. When the killer manifests, I'm linked to him in the host body. There's something else.

CELIA: Which is?

DOCTOR: There's a temporal element at work there that I don't understand. I've never been so close to death before. Usually I operate, finger poised on the button, two steps removed from the state of play. But not this time. This time I'm up close. I get to see, I get to feel his hate.

VULQUEN: Fascinating. Tell me... tell me more.

DOCTOR: While we're together, I even get to like it, to understand his need for the violence. But it's not me. That will never be me.

VULQUEN: You may surprise yourself.

DOCTOR: I don't like surprises.

CELIA: Ah. Speaking of which.

DOCTOR: Yes?

CELIA: I was connected to Whitenoise when you... he calls it Red-lined. He knows about my little illegal ability now. He blocked me. I couldn't get the tape.

VULQUEN: Well, that's this little game over and done with.

DOCTOR: Nonsense. We'll just have to get it another way.

CELIA: What are you going to do?

DOCTOR: Ask him nicely for it, of course.

NUANE: Mel, help me with Draun. He could be hurt.

MEL: I imagine he'd probably quite like that.

NUANE: He didn't mean to. He wasn't himself.

MEL: From what I've seen of your brother, I wouldn't put it past him.

NUANE: You had a bad experience, that's all.

MEL: Bad experience? He tried to kill me! If I knew it would have been like that on Slow I would never have agreed.

NUANE: Can you walk?

MEL: Well, there's a little stiffness, but yes. That doesn't make...

NUANE: You should be grateful. Now help me with him.

MEL: You're the one who hit him with the bottle. Not that I'm not grateful for that, but I'm sorry, I just don't trust either of you. Thank you for all your help, but I'm not staying here a moment longer. I've got to find my friend.

NUANE: You have to stay. I'll use Little Babe if I have to.

MEL: Look, I'm fed up with being threatened. You may think it's an art form, but it just frightens me. I'm going now, Nuane, and you'll really have to use that if you want to stop me.

(Opens door, sounds of a crowd.)

MEL: So far so good, legs. Excuse me, please.

NUANE: (distant) The girl with the red hair, stop her!

MEL: Oh, great.

MEL: Typical. The one time when I could use the Doctor's umbrella and he's not here.

NUANE: Wait. Mel, you don't understand. We're not going to hurt you. Please, don't run.

MEL: Since I've met you, I've been paralysed, drugged and almost killed. What can you possibly say that would make me want to stay in your company a moment longer?

BLUE: Just there, Whitenoise. Play.

RED [OC]: Try and find me. Try and find me.

DOCTOR [OC]: You can't hide from me. We're linked. I go wherever you go.

RED [OC]: Let's play hide and seek.

BLUE: That's it. That's the killer there. Where does it go?

WHITENOISE: I do not know, Chief Blue. I cannot trace it. I can merely record and limit the damage that is done by editing the experience from the host.

BLUE: We have a growing number of bodies. Your programming is failing.

WHITENOISE: No, it is not. I am still operating within my parameters. There is no crime.

BLUE: Have you been editing your own memories? Look out there, computer. This entire enterprise is in danger of collapse. Your editing is just a form of denial.

WHITENOISE: We will find the killer.

BLUE: We've already found the killer. Just follow the Doctor. What we need is to place him under our control. If it gets out that you can't control anything anymore, this city will fall apart. You need to start thinking of that, instead of just cleaning up the mess.

WHITENOISE: And you need to control your delight over the killer's violence.

BLUE: I won't deny that. I do find what he does fascinating. But this situation is spiralling out of control.

You're losing it, Whitenoise. The next person he manifests within could be me, and I don't want to see myself on that tape.

WHITENOISE: My offer of augmentation still stands, Chief Blue. You will gain reassurance that all is running as smoothly as possible once you are connected to me.

BLUE: In your current state I'm not sure I'd trust you.

WHITENOISE: What can I do to make you believe that I am functioning perfectly?

BLUE: A purge. Purge all your systems of every piece of violence you hold. Put it all on the Red tape. Get rid of it. I think the Red condition is affecting you.

WHITENOISE: Are you proposing this for your own benefit or mine? The Red tape is becoming a worrying obsession for you.

BLUE: I only like to watch. I'm trying to remove the violence, not cause it.

WHITENOISE: Very well. I will conduct a purge on all systems.

BLUE: And that'll be your last edit on subject 1034 Draun and his sister. We'll just have to hope they don't believe the Doctor's companion.

WHITENOISE: I cannot perform the edit on subject 1034 Draun nor subject 1026 Nuane.

BLUE: Why not?

WHITENOISE: The experience is too embedded. I cannot draw it out, rearrange it.

BLUE: Oh, this just gets better and better.

WHITENOISE: I fear you may be right. My systems may be infected with the Red condition.

BLUE: We're going to find this killer, even if it means killing the Doctor to do so. One life for many is not too much. Find the Doctor.

WHITENOISE: That is not necessary. He has come to us.

BLUE: Speak of the devil.

DOCTOR: And he appears.

NUANE: Mel, just listen. You saw what Draun did.

MEL: I felt it, Nuane.

NUANE: He wouldn't have done that if he were himself. There was something else in him doing that to you. We may find violence exciting, but we're not prepared to kill for that pleasure. The consequence of that would be too ruinous for everyone.

MEL: How can I believe that? You're drawing the line so thinly between the threat and the real thing.

NUANE: The machine took every decision from me. I won't go back under. It indoctrinated us against the urge for violence. We only want to experience things vicariously. Surely you can't begrudge us the desire to feel?

MEL: No, I can't. But why do you want me? What can I do?

NUANE: I want to trust you. You're not chipped. You can do anything. We can learn to be what we once were through you. We've lost that. I so want it back. I don't feel human any more.

MEL: There are other feelings, better than the violent ones.

NUANE: I don't know what they are anymore.

MEL: I can't teach you to be more human, but I can tell you the difference between right and wrong. Listen, I have a friend who can probably help you. I saw him when I was in Slow.

NUANE: He was in Slow time with you?



MEL: Yes. He got me out of it. Just before he broke up into, into this Red electrical energy.  
NUANE: Electrical energy? There's something strange going on here. Others have claimed to see something similar on Slow.  
MEL: Really? Who?  
NUANE: A friend of ours, Vozine. He had to be hospitalised. He claimed he saw a red devil on Slow.  
MEL: I think he saw what I saw. You said that Draun was infected with someone else. Perhaps it was this Red energy.  
NUANE: Perhaps it was the killer.  
MEL: Possibly. The Doctor and I came across a dead body in the Needle when we first arrived. A man who'd strangled his wife, just like Draun was trying to do to me. What if the killer is a random event infecting different people?  
NUANE: A dead body in the Needle? That's not possible. Whitenoise would  
MEL: Believe me, it was possible. I stood over her body. It's got to do with this Red energy. And whatever this Red energy is, I just know the Doctor is connected to it.  
NUANE: Doctor? Your friend is a psychaliter?  
MEL: I think it's an honorary title.  
NUANE: You can't trust psychaliters.  
MEL: I'm having to trust you, Nuane, to help me. Will you?  
NUANE: Yes. I think I should take you to Vi Vulquen.  
MEL: Who's that?  
NUANE: She used to be a friend of mine. Now she's the designated Matriarch of the Needle. Pretends she's an anarchist, although she stays in the safety of the tower. She's a hypocrite and a snob.  
MEL: Sounds charming. How can she help?  
NUANE: She's our supplier of Slow, and a great admirer of violence. If anyone knows about this Red man, it'll be her.

DOCTOR: You know why we're here, Whitenoise.  
WHITENOISE: You have come for the Red tape as Celia could not download it.  
BLUE: Interesting ability you have, Celia. Where'd you get it from?  
CELIA: Oh, I've just got a natural knack for flouting authority.  
DOCTOR: I know what's been going on, Chief Blue. The edits to cover up the murders, the brutal cuts to these people's lives. What are you doing about stopping him?  
BLUE: We were going to ask you that very question. You exist synchronistically with the killer. You're Red-lining at all times. Why is that, Doctor? What makes you so special?  
DOCTOR: I'm a Time Lord, and there's some sort of temporal aspect to all of this. The psychic spillage in Time, the Tardis felt it in the Vortex. I felt it. The killer must have reached out and pulled the Tardis here, pulled me here.  
WHITENOISE: That would explain why I can see the killer when it manifests through you, Doctor. To properly judge the occurrence of a violent intent, there is a predictive temporal core to my makeup. This also exists in the chips.  
BLUE: We predicted that you had been joined to the killer, that he was trying to become you and draw you in to wherever he exists.  
DOCTOR: The killer is random violence. It's not one person. It's a signal, an urge in every one of your subjects. You people, you've created it. All the violence you've denied yourselves hasn't just disappeared, it's grown, it's massed itself, and now it's large enough to bleed through as an electrical charge.  
CELIA: The killer is in the chips?  
WHITENOISE: There is no evidence of that in my analyses.  
DOCTOR: There wouldn't be. You're linked to the chips. If the killer overloads any one chip, he overloads your control, which also means he can get into your systems.  
BLUE: He may already have. Whitenoise has made some quite irrational statements and decisions of late. But I've instigated a purge.  
DOCTOR: That's not going to do it. He's a signal, an electrical charge of hatred, violence, of Red. He could be in anyone's chip.  
CELIA: But if he's just jumping from one person to the next, well, there must be billions of signals in the system. How can you find him in the midst of that?  
BLUE: There's still you, Doctor.  
DOCTOR: Yes. There's still me. You could use me, draw him out, make sure he's inside me, and then close the trap and kill me.  
WHITENOISE: That is certainly a feasible option.  
DOCTOR: However, killing me means he simply jumps into someone else, hides himself in another chip until he can use the host's suppressed violence to kill again.  
CELIA: So in fact everyone is the killer. Every single person in this city. We're all capable of that degree of violence.

DOCTOR: Yes. In your quest for a perfect, crimeless state, you've actually given them precisely what you tried to stop. How does it feel, Whitenoise, to know you failed utterly in your purpose?

WHITENOISE: So the most expedient way of stopping Red would be to permanently destroy every single chip.

BLUE: No!

DOCTOR: You could indeed. You could kill everyone. And thus you become like him.

BLUE: Don't provoke him. In his current state, Whitenoise just might try it.

DOCTOR: But you won't, will you. The edits, this denial of what is happening, it's because you're frightened of violence, isn't it, Whitenoise?

BLUE: He's a machine. He can't be frightened.

DOCTOR: He can if he was programmed that way. It's all right to be afraid.

WHITENOISE: I, I am scared, Doctor. There is too much violence, too much Red in my systems. I can see it all, but I cannot stop it.

DOCTOR: I know. We're here to help you. Will you show us the Red tape?

WHITENOISE: I will.

BLUE: I don't see how it will help you find the killer. The tape doesn't record inside people's heads.

DOCTOR: No, but it will break down into signals.

CELIA: Meanwhile it could be anywhere, even in one of us.

WHITENOISE: My analysis of its occupation of subject 1034 Draun suggests that it held a particular fascination for the Doctor's companion. This was possibly because she was not chipped. Her capability for violence is unchecked. It will naturally gravitate towards her because of this.

CELIA: But there's no chip in her head, so she's fine.

WHITENOISE: If it finds it cannot access her capability for violence, it will most likely have her killed instead.

DOCTOR: Ah. Then we had better do this quickly.

BLUE: Show them the tape, Whitenoise.

(In dirigible.)

MEL: Are you all right? How do you feel?

DRAUN: Don't talk to me. I'm driving.

MEL: Draun.

DRAUN: I don't know what to say.

MEL: It wasn't your fault.

DRAUN: Then why am I feeling like this? I don't like this feeling, Red. I feel so guilty.

MEL: That's all part of the human experience. Be glad of it. At least you're not reacting like a cold, unthinking machine.

NUANE: We're almost at the Needle.

MEL: It's very disconcerting, the way it constantly moves like that.

NUANE: It's alive, in some definition of the word. Unlike those within.

DRAUN: Don't mind her. She never likes coming back. Especially now we're after your Doctor friend.

MEL: But didn't she used to be a doctor? One of these psychaliters? Why does she distrust them so much?

DRAUN: They're not the kind of doctors you're thinking of.

MEL: And what do they do?

DRAUN: Unspeakable things. It's not their fault. When we first found we could commit violence, we also discovered all the ways to harm the human body. The psychaliters made it their job to find out what the body could endure, under the pressure of the knife or other tortures.

MEL: Nuane killed people for this?

DRAUN: Not any more. She won't hurt anyone unless it's necessary. But she's still pro-feel. I can understand why, now.

MEL: I misjudged her. I'm sorry.

DRAUN: Isn't that just your human condition showing itself?

MEL: I guess so.

DRAUN: Don't tell her I told you all this, okay?

MEL: My lips are sealed.

MAN [OC]: I don't want to hurt you, my dear. I don't like what you're wearing. It's so red. So red. Red. Red. Red. Red. Red!

WHITENOISE: Subject 210 Vlet. Homicide. Murder of designated habitat partner by strangulation.

DOCTOR: Yes, thank you, Whitenoise. I'm well aware of the method of death.

BLUE: Just break down the component signals when they hit the Red.

(Repeated word Red dissolves into an electronic hiss.)

DOCTOR: Nothing. There's too much Red saturation in the signal.

CELIA: It's horrible. That's what we're capable of.

DOCTOR: You don't have to watch.

CELIA: Yes, I do. What if I killed someone? What if that's why I'm so scared? What if that's why I keep having terrible flashbacks?

DOCTOR: There's a lot of ifs there, Celia, and no certainties. It's not your fault if you did hurt someone. You couldn't have stopped the urge if you tried. The Red was too strong. You don't have to do this.

CELIA: Yes, I do.

BLUE: Play, Whitenoise.

WOMAN [OC]: Can you feel it? I want you to feel. Feel the Red. Red. Red.

DOCTOR: Still nothing. He has to be in there somewhere, hiding in the signals. He must have left a trace.

CELIA: How much more of this is there?

WHITENOISE: When Chief Blue watched it last, the entire duration of the Red tape was equivalent to

BLUE: Half a day.

CELIA: Ten hours? All those people.

DOCTOR: It's mass murder on a grand scale and nobody knows.

CELIA: You, Whitenoise. You too, Chief. You've just stood by and done nothing.

WHITENOISE: I have no control over a subject when they Red-line.

CELIA: You're the killer. You're the one who took on responsibility for us, so you're responsible for this, you stupid machine. I'm going to (gasp) Doctor, shall we look at the next scene?

DOCTOR: Don't do that again, Whitenoise.

WHITENOISE: Find me the killer then.

DOCTOR: Are you all right to continue, Celia?

CELIA: If we don't find the killer, Whitenoise will kill everyone to get at him. Do you really think there'll be any clue as to his whereabouts on the tape?

DOCTOR: There must be. I think he's residing in one particular person, feeding on their lust for violence. I wonder who?

VULQUEN: My, my. I am popular today. Give Draun access. My dear Draun. Oh, and the lovely Nuane. You've made the trek from down below to see me yourself. My dear, I'm overwhelmed.

NUANE: Vulquen. Decadent as ever, I see.

DRAUN: Be nice.

NUANE: I'll be as nice as she ever was to me.

VULQUEN: And who's this with you? Help the girl across, Draun. Show some manners.

MEL: It's all right, Draun. I'm usually quite steady on two feet. I'm sorry to intrude, but I

VULQUEN: Not at all. I love company, especially fresh young faces. You must be Mel, the Doctor's companion. You're very pretty.

MEL: Thank you. I'm really not used to getting this much attention.

VULQUEN: You should be.

MEL: You've met the Doctor, then? Do you know where he is?

VULQUEN: Yes, he's with Celia. They came to see me about the Red tape.

DRAUN: What is that? Is that something to do with this Red man?

VULQUEN: Very probably. It's something very special. It's going to prove that we can all commit violence, and that Whitenoise is fallible. If the Doctor can get hold of it.

NUANE: You don't need a tape to know that. We've seen it first-hand.

VULQUEN: You can commit it first-hand if you want. You're not denied it, so there's no pleasure in it.

MEL: There's never anything pleasurable about strangulation.

VULQUEN: Don't you ever want what you don't have? Aren't you the least bit intrigued about things you've never experienced?

MEL: Well, yes, some things, but I don't want to experience everything. I limit myself to the good things.

VULQUEN: There's the difference between us. I want no limitations.

DRAUN: This is different, Vi. I tried to hurt Mel. It wasn't me, it was something inside me, inhabiting me, reaching out. I hated her. I wanted to kill her.

VULQUEN: So, it's happening down there as well.

MEL: I'm afraid so. There's something very rotten at the heart of this state.

VULQUEN: Well, it's fortunate that you survived the experience, my dear.

NUANE: That's because she fought back.

VULQUEN: How exciting.

DRAUN: She isn't chipped.

MEL: Why do I feel so vulnerable when you say that?

VULQUEN: Not chipped? You're sure? My dear, I didn't realise I was in such danger. Please, come and sit down. You're *very* welcome.

MEL: Not this again. Look, I'm not going to hurt you. I only want to find the Doctor.

VULQUEN: But the point is, you could hurt me, and I wouldn't mind. I don't think I should tell you where the Doctor is. I think you should force it from me.

NUANE: Come on, Vulquen, drop your petty obsession for one moment. There is a more serious situation

here.

VULQUEN: No, this is wonderful. Pure, unadulterated violence, unchipped, unchecked. You can do anything, my dear.

MEL: Anything but get a straight answer. Won't you just tell me where I can find the Doctor?

DRAUN: Come on, Vi. It's important.

VULQUEN: Mel, I want you to hurt me.

MEL: Oh, fine. I'll find him myself, then. Ah! Please, let me go!

VULQUEN: No, hurt me. I want your violence.

LETEREL [OC]: Are you sure you're all right, Uviol?

UVIOL [OC]: Yes, I'm fine.

LETEREL [OC]: Uviol!

BLUE: Pause, Whitenoise. Are you all right to watch this, Doctor?

DOCTOR: No. But then, I shouldn't be. I killed that woman.

CELIA: It was the Red, not you. You only felt what it was like.

DOCTOR: I shouldn't have been able to feel it, Celia. There's something in me that he tapped into. Maybe part of me wants to be violent. Play.

LETEREL [OC]: Uviol! Let go of... What are you doing?

UVIOL [OC]: I'm hurting you.

DOCTOR [OC]: I haven't felt like this for a long time. It feels so good.

UVIOL [OC]: Red. So Red. Red.

DOCTOR: I shouldn't have allowed that. I should have been stronger.

CELIA: Do something about it now, then.

DOCTOR: Forward. Play.

DOCTOR [OC]: No, you cannot make me do this!

UVIOL [OC]: Red. Red. Red.

UVIOL + DOCTOR [OC]: Red. Red. Red. Red.

DOCTOR: Do it, Whitenoise. Do it. Now, there's another signal behind this one. Hear it?

BLUE: See if you can tune it in, Whitenoise.

BLUE [OC]: A time traveller? We haven't had one of those here before. It's fortunate that we found you when we did. Who knows what damage you could have caused, Celia.

CELIA: Fortunate. I was edited!

DOCTOR: Time traveller.

BLUE [OC]: Don't worry, it doesn't hurt. You'll feel much better about things soon.

CELIA [OC]: Please, let me go. I'll leave straight away.

BLUE [OC]: Your time capsule is in pieces. You're staying, so you'll have to be chipped.

DOCTOR: That's why you can interface with Whitenoise, Celia, and why you were drawn to me. You're a time traveller. We each have a temporal element to our makeup.

BLUE [OC]: Here we go.

(On the tape, Celia screams a high-pitched tone with a pulse behind it.)

BLUE [OC]: What is that? What's she saying, Whitenoise?

DOCTOR: Stop! Go back. Slow that down.

CELIA [OC]: Red. Red. Red. Red.

CELIA: It can't be. I

DOCTOR: You're the carrier, the killer. He's in you, Celia.

CELIA [OC]: Red. Red. Red.

#### [Part Four]

BLUE: Then we've found him.

CELIA: But how?

DOCTOR: How indeed. You travel in Time, but you're human. Unless... What kind of capsule did she arrive in, Whitenoise?

WHITENOISE: A mere metallic shell. Analysis suggested it was not technologically advanced in itself.

DOCTOR: Show me. You must have a recorded image of it.

BLUE: Do it, Whitenoise. There.

DOCTOR: Oh no.

CELIA: Please don't say that. Help me. Get him out of me. Why is he in me?

DOCTOR: I recognise the technology, which places you, Celia, from somewhere around the 45<sup>th</sup> century. An era of technocrats and machine-driven life. If I remember correctly - and I usually do - your people can engineer a biological-temporal link to the machines you use, like the one that brought you here.

BLUE: Why would they do that?

DOCTOR: It enables them to think like a machine. Therefore, Celia's ability to link to Whitenoise isn't a

coincidence. It's inbuilt. Her capsule was just a shell to shield her for the journey.

CELIA: You mean...

DOCTOR: Yes. You are, to all intents and purposes, the actual time machine yourself, Celia.

WHITENOISE: She is biologically advanced enough to manipulate Time?

DOCTOR: She was, but you had to chip her, and so neatly erased that ability. When you brought down all her barriers and unwittingly let out her violence, it corrupted your own systems and fed on all your subjects' mass wish for harm.

BLUE: But why is it so focused in you?

DOCTOR: I'm also a time traveller. It's trying to find the link. But the killer knows you, Celia. It always comes home. It's comfortable inside you.

BLUE: But so much violence. Where did it come from, Celia?

CELIA: I don't know. I can't remember. I must have killed all those people. All those people. I don't want this, Doctor. This isn't a good feeling. Whitenoise, please take it away. Edit me.

DOCTOR: No. Keep it, Celia. Don't let the Red get the better of you. Get angry. And you let her, Whitenoise. Use that anger against the killer. We know where he is now, and there's Argh!

BLUE: Doctor!

DOCTOR: (in pain) He's jumped. Red. Red. Red. I want your violence.

CELIA: Stop it. Stop it!

WHITENOISE: The Doctor is Red-lining. Subject 0357 Matriarch Vi Vulquen is in parallel Red condition.

DOCTOR + VULQUEN: Have you ever hurt someone badly before, Melanie?

CELIA: That's not you. It's Vi?

VULQUEN: Have you ever hurt someone badly before, Melanie? Ever caused someone to be injured or killed?

MEL: You're not Vi Vulquen. What are you?

DRAUN: Is that what happened to me?

NUANE: Yes. But it's not you and it's not her.

VULQUEN: This is her. This is all her. She finally has everything she wanted.

MEL: Vi, if you're in there, listen to me. You've never actually hurt anyone, have you? You don't want to kill.

VULQUEN: I don't want to kill. I want to be hurt. She only wants cuts and bruises, lightweight.

NUANE: Get out of her. Get out of Vi now. You're making her say these things. She doesn't really want them. She doesn't know how painful it feels.

DRAUN: And we can teach her that.

MEL: You're outnumbered three to one. What can you do here?

VULQUEN: Oh Mel, always on the side of right. Is the Doctor always right, though? Every act of violence he commits, you're there beside him, an accomplice. You'd never burn whole planets, leave a people to die for the greater good. You'd never push someone down the stairs. Would you?

MEL: Nothing you can say can make me doubt the Doctor. I can do that for myself. And I won't hurt you without a reason.

VULQUEN: Red. Red. Hurt me.

NUANE: Red. Red. Hurt you. Hurt you, Mel.

(Mel cries out.)

DOCTOR: Red. Red. Hurt you. Hurt you, Mel.

CELIA: Fight him, Doctor. You wanted me to be angry. I'm angry. But you have even more reason to be. He's using you, making you enjoy his killings. You're his puppet. Fight back.

WHITENOISE: I cannot allow this to continue. My programming is being countermanded by Celia's ability for anger. I, I am frightened.

BLUE: Calm down, Whitenoise. Focus. You must focus.

WHITENOISE: I cannot see. There's so much Red.

BLUE: Doctor?

DOCTOR: Red. Red. Ah! Celia, he's so strong now. He's got Mel again. Help her.

CELIA: How?

DOCTOR: The killer returns to you. You can pull him back. Go to Vi's habitat. Stop him, please. I can't anymore. It's up to you.

CELIA: Okay, Doctor. I'm going to fix this. (leaves)

WHITENOISE: You should not have let her go. We could have waited until the killer returned to Celia after it had killed. Trapped in her, I could then have killed him.

BLUE: And killed her as well. The Doctor's trying to stop all these killings.

DOCTOR: Besides, we know it's not after her.

WHITENOISE: Synchronised as I am to your Red-lining, analysis suggests that the killer is not interested in your companion after all. With each new killing it is becoming more of a real concept, and you are becoming converted into the digital, into machine code. You are a time traveller like Celia. You can take it away. It wants

you, Doctor.  
(The Doctor screams in pain.)

MEL: How, how does it feel, Vulquen, hurting me?

VULQUEN: It feels... red.

NUANE: It's no use, Mel. You can't get through. She's wanted this for so long she's completely given in to the urge.

DRAUN: Let her go, Vi, or I'll use Little Babe.

NUANE: That's what she wants, Draun.

DRAUN: Then we should give it to her. I'm not letting this happen again.

NUANE: Give me the knife, Draun.

DRAUN: What are you going to do?

NUANE: Kill her. We have to stop it.

MEL: Nuane, don't!

NUANE: I'm not going to stand here and watch you die, Mel. And certainly not by Vi's hand. She's hurt too many people already.

(Door opens.)

DRAUN: You? Where did you spring from?

CELIA: Red, get out of my friend. You're mine. You belong to me.

NUANE: A Red devil, like Vosine saw.

CELIA-RED: Celia, fortunate that we found you.

CELIA: If you want to hurt someone, hurt me. I deserve it.

CELIA-RED: Can't hurt you. Can't hurt Celia.

CELIA: Then come home. I'm very angry with you.

CELIA-RED: Angry? Good. Want Red. Want lots of Red.

CELIA: I can show you all the Red you want. I can show you all your killings. Would you like that?

CELIA-RED: Yes. Lots of Red.

CELIA: Then come home.

DRAUN: Watch out!

CELIA: Oh!

DOCTOR: (sighs) Thank you, Celia.

WHITENOISE: The Red has returned to Celia. I must complete my programming. I must kill it, burn out the chip.

BLUE: No. You can't kill it without hurting her, and that's against your programming.

WHITENOISE: Celia Fortunaté is the cause of all this.

DOCTOR: No, Whitenoise, you're the cause of all this.

WHITENOISE: I... we... I...

DOCTOR: It's cracking up, Chief Blue. Fix it.

WHITENOISE: I, I must carry out my programming. We have discovered the killer's hiding place. We must destroy it to prevent any more violence. I won't allow it to manifest again.

BLUE: That's not programming. That's murder.

WHITENOISE: One subject's death for the good of the state. You said this yourself, Chief Blue. I am decided.

DRAUN: It's Celia, isn't it?

NUANE: What did you do?

CELIA: I stopped him.

MEL: Just in time to stop Nuane doing something stupid.

CELIA: Is Vi all right?

NUANE: She doesn't deserve to be.

MEL: Whatever your problem with Vi is, Nuane, just drop it. Her pulse is slow, but she's still breathing. She should be okay. You're the one the Doctor was with, aren't you? Is he safe?

CELIA: He will be, now that I can hold the killer.

DRAUN: He went into you, but you didn't change like the others, like me.

CELIA: No. It's my fault, you see. I let him out. I killed all those people. I can feel him inside, now that I'm aware of him, squirming, ready to be unleashed as soon as he feels someone's lust for violence. Oh!

MEL: What is it? What's wrong?

CELIA: My head. My chip. It's burning. Whitenoise.

NUANE: He'll want the killer gone.

MEL: He's trying to kill you? I thought that was against his programming.

DRAUN: Desperate times, desperate measures.

CELIA: It's all right. I'm not frightened of him anymore. I deserve it.

MEL: No, you don't. It's not your fault, it's this society.

CELIA: No, it's me. I want the Red dead. I want him to have his own violence directed against him. If that means I have to die too, so be it. Do it, Whitenoise. Do it! Ah!

(Celia screams, a brief electronic fizz then thud.)

DRAUN: No! What have you done, Whitenoise?

WHITENOISE: I am functioning within all parameters of programming.

DOCTOR: You've just become a killer. You're no longer even in control of yourself. Preservation routines are now functioning at the cost of lives, and all because you're frightened.

WHITENOISE: There is no longer a need to be frightened. The killer has been dealt with.

DOCTOR: Dealt with? No, you dealt with Celia. The killer is not so easy to kill as a human being. You're a great sentinel machine with eyes and ears everywhere, and you haven't been listening to me. I told you that killing the host won't stop the Red.

BLUE: The killer's gone back into Whitenoise.

DOCTOR: Yes. Celia may have been able to hold it. Instead, you've infected yourself.

WHITENOISE: I will not allow this violence to exist inside my systems. I will delete it.

BLUE: You'd have to burn out every chip to be sure.

WHITENOISE: I have already done it once. It can easily be done again.

DOCTOR: Is that you talking, Whitenoise, or the killer inside you?

WHITENOISE: There will be no killer inside me. Subject 0592, there is something wrong.

MAN [OC]: My chip! Ah! It's burning!

BLUE: We've got to stop him.

DOCTOR: You're the technician. Can the chips be deactivated?

(Another man dies noisily in the background. More follow.)

BLUE: Yes, but I'm not familiar with the procedure. Whitenoise is mostly self-regulating.

DOCTOR: Then you have to override him somehow. Get the Needle to bring Mel and the others here. She's an expert programmer. She'll help you.

BLUE: And what are you going to do?

DOCTOR: I'm still synchronised with the killer. I can hook myself up to the machine, track him, coax him out.

BLUE: Be careful, Doctor. In there he's powerful.

DOCTOR: I'm counting on it. He wants me, Chief. If he thinks he can trap me in the machine, turn me into a signal while he occupies my body, then I have a better chance of getting at him too.

BLUE: You're only delaying. I don't see how you can stop him.

DOCTOR: For that I need Slow. You'll have that, won't you, Chief Blue?

BLUE: I don't take Slow.

DOCTOR: Don't try my patience. I know that in order for Slow to have its special qualities, there has to be a temporal element within it. The same temporal makeup as Whitenoise, perhaps. And only you have access to him.

BLUE: It, it's a waste product. I'm simply recycling resources. I was put here to assume the continued smooth operation of the machine.

DOCTOR: And that includes the gratification of the subjects? Very smooth. Which I might add is not how things are progressing. The Slow, please.

BLUE: I really don't have any left. But Vi Vulquen will. She's a supplier. She always has it.

DOCTOR: Then I suggest you get her here now, before Whitenoise kills the entire population of this city.

MEL: I don't like the way this building drags us from place to place. What's wrong with a lift, or just stairs?

NUANE: So, Vulquen, how was it, your first taste of freedom, of real harm?

VULQUEN: I can't deny that it wasn't good. To be so out of one's control is the ultimate luxury. My only regret is that the urge was not satisfied.

DRAUN: You would have liked to kill Mel?

VULQUEN: Oh, please understand, I bear you no malice, Mel, but yes, to complete that emotion...

NUANE: You're sick, Vulquen. This isn't about art now. You can't just stand back and appreciate this from a distance. You're part of it.

VULQUEN: To me the art is so much more real than the real thing. You don't understand. I can't live in your world, Nuane. I can't handle the responsibility. I'd rather delude myself. I'd rather be a hypocrite. I know now the pleasure is in being denied.

NUANE: You're going to have to change, Vulquen. Whitenoise is corrupted. The whole system and the Needle will collapse with him.

MEL She's right. You can't ignore this. We all have to work together now.

DRAUN: There's no such thing as security any more, Vi. This thing can get into us all. Not even Celia could stop it.

VULQUEN: Celia. My poor, dear Celia.

MEL: You liked her, didn't you?

VULQUEN: More than you could know. I was never able to tell her.

NUANE: You were never able to tell me, either.

VULQUEN: I'm not sorry I hurt you, Nuane. I got so much more from that than I ever got from you. But I did like Celia.

MEL: Then show me how much you cared for her. Help us get rid of this killer once and for all. Help us fix your sentinel machine. Be brave. Make a choice.

WHITENOISE: Subject 7166...

DOCTOR: If I short his security subroutines here, you, Chief Blue, should be able to access deactivation codes for the chips.

BLUE: We'll have to do this the old-fashioned way, by computer console. I'm in.

(Door opens.)

MEL: Doctor.

DOCTOR: Mel. So good to see you're safe. Would you mind helping Chief Blue deprogramme Whitenoise?

MEL: Er...

DOCTOR: How easy would it be for you to programme in a self-destruct algorithm? I'd do it myself, but I'm rather occupied, possibly literally.

MEL: Right.

DOCTOR: Good. Hello Draun, er Nuane, yes? Hello, Vi Vulquen. I'm not so pleased to see you but I understand you keep Slow for special occasions, and I think today qualifies.

VULQUEN: Have it, if you think it will help.

DOCTOR: It will. Thank you.

MEL: Doctor, be careful. Slow isn't very pleasant.

DOCTOR: Believe me, Mel. The whole experience is not going to be pleasant, but it is necessary.

DRAUN: Hey, what's wrong with Chief Blue?

BLUE: No, Whitenoise, not me. Not me. Red's not in me. Argh!

WHITENOISE: Subject 0062 Chief Blue, there is something wrong?

DOCTOR: Stop it. Stop this, Whitenoise. It's me he wants. Let me find him for you. Then do as you wish, but do it to me.

BLUE: Argh! Please, Whitenoise, I thought you were my friend.

WHITENOISE: You are trying to corrupt my programming. You have become a threat. You must be erased.

(Blue screams. Thud.)

DOCTOR: Mel, it's all up to you now. You must deactivate the chips. If I don't come back, you know where the Tardis is.

MEL: Doctor, what are you going to do?

DOCTOR: Hurry. Vulquen, the Slow. How do I take it?

VULQUEN: Via your ear. Like this.

DRAUN: It's all right, it's normal. Just creating the crystalline nervous system.

MEL: Doctor, don't you dare martyr yourself in there.

DOCTOR: The thought hadn't occurred to me. The chips, Mel. You must stop...

DRAUN: He's under.

DOCTOR: Where are you, Red? Come out and face me. I'm a Time Lord. I can give you all of Time and Space. Imagine how much violence is out there. We're still linked. I can't hurt you without hurting myself. And I wouldn't do that, would I? There you are.

RED: Red. Doctor. Red Doctor. Make the Red Doctor. Want the Red Doctor.

DOCTOR: You can have me. Leave the others.

RED: But I like the Red. I need it. I felt the Red. Hurts. I need the Red to hurt. To make me feel alive.

DOCTOR: I'm better than all of them. I have destroyed races, destroyed worlds. Sometimes I've enjoyed it.

What power. Oh, I am capable of so much more violence. Would you like to see?

RED: A trick.

DOCTOR: No, it's real. Just jump into me. I can't hurt you.

RED: Can't hurt me. Can't hurt me. The pretty red girl can. Stop her. Stop Mel.

NUANE: Stop Mel.

DRAUN: It's got Nuane. Look out, Mel.

MEL: I've almost got it, but there's one tricky command that keeps locking me out.

NUANE-RED: Pretty red girl, stop that. It's my machine now.

MEL: I can't stop. Thousands of lives depend on me not stopping.

NUANE-RED: I'll make you Red.

DRAUN: No. No, you won't.

NUANE-RED: Leave me be, little brother.

DRAUN: Do what you have to, Mel. I'll hold her off.



NUANE-RED: She hates you. She thinks you're weak. You want the Red, but scared of Red.  
DRAUN: Go on, then. Give me the Red. Just leave my sister alone.  
VULQUEN: Draun, give me your knife.  
MEL: Don't you dare, Vi.  
VULQUEN: She was quite prepared to use it on me. I have no qualms about using it on her.  
DRAUN: Stay out of this, Vi.  
VULQUEN: Stay out of it? You said yourself, I'm already part of this. I can't live in your world. I want this one. I've decided. I want Whitenoise, so I won't let her ruin him.  
DRAUN: She's my sister. I won't hurt her.  
VULQUEN: Then she'll kill you. But I will hurt her. I'm making the choice.  
NUANE-RED: Can't hurt me. Can't hurt me.  
VULQUEN: Oh, I think I can. Tell me how this feels.  
DRAUN: No, don't. Argh!  
MEL: Draun!  
NUANE-RED: Red. Lots of Red. Little brother, all Red.

DOCTOR: No, please, this isn't necessary. I can give you everything you want.  
RED: Red. Red. Draun? Draun. What's happened to you? What has she done to you? Draun.  
DOCTOR: Let her go, Red. Enter me. Take my violence. It's yours.  
RED: What's this?  
DOCTOR: This, Red? This is my trap. Welcome to Slow.  
RED: You cannot hurt me, even though you have so much violence.  
DOCTOR: Yes. I've bottled it up for so long. Now it's time to let it all out. I can hurt you because I'm also a killer, and I'm going to kill you.  
RED: Can't. Can't. I have achieved synchronicity with you. I return from the ether, the dark space, the incomprehensible.  
DOCTOR: The dark space? What was Celia?  
RED: Something cold. Something cruel. Something bad. She liked me. Used me to hurt lots and lots and lots and lots of people.  
DOCTOR: I'm happy to say that in the end she didn't want you. She bettered you, and she paid the price for it.  
RED: Poor Celia. My Celia. Dead Celia. Now there's you, time-travelling Doctor. Want to feed on your violence.  
DOCTOR: Yes, you've got me. You're very clever. But did I mention that I am a Time Lord? Which means that I have rather a special handle on Time.  
RED: You're leaving Red? How?  
DOCTOR: I've just crumbled the crystalline nervous system that Slow creates. But I can keep you trapped in my chip, push you back into the machine, hold you there. My two minutes are up and so are yours. Goodbye.  
RED: I will make you Red. I am what you have become.  
DOCTOR: I'm not afraid of you. I can face my violence. It'll not better me.  
RED: Are you sure? Let me show you your Red.  
DOCTOR: I don't talk to the dead.  
RED: No. No. Red. (receding) Red.

(Tape speeding up.)

MEL: Doctor, you're back.  
DOCTOR: Oh, not a pleasant experience at all, Mel. I think I'm much more of a fast-paced Time Lord. Draun, is he...  
NUANE: Draun's dead.  
DOCTOR: I'm so sorry.  
NUANE: I... don't know what to feel. I think I should cry. Is that right, Doctor?  
DOCTOR: Yes, that's right.  
VULQUEN: So you stopped the killer?  
DOCTOR: Not yet. Oh, not yet! Mel, why haven't you turned off the chips? He's only seconds behind me. He'll try to come through my chip.  
MEL: Come and see for yourself. There's a command override.  
DOCTOR: Oh, Mel. A programmer of your ability should be able to get through this easily. There!  
MEL: Easy, was it?  
DOCTOR: Er, well, if in doubt, Mel, pull the wires.  
MEL: Which wires?  
DOCTOR: All of them.  
MEL: Oh, why does it always come down to the last minute?

(Whitenoise slows and stops.)

DOCTOR: Oh Mel, it's much more exciting when it's last minute.

VULQUEN: And what about Whitenoise?

NUANE: Oh, you and your precious sentinel. Well, Doctor? Are we free of it at last?

DOCTOR: He's still operating. The chips have simply been deactivated. There's a particular ghost in that machine whom you might want to delete. Mel, any luck with that algorithm?

MEL: Didn't need to. One already exists.

DOCTOR: Of course. Chief Blue. He must have always foreseen this possibility and put it there, just in case. Then it just comes down to which one of you ladies want to press the button.

VULQUEN: What will it do? Will we be in control of the machine?

DOCTOR: Press it and find out.

NUANE: I'll do it.

(Beeping starts.)

VULQUEN: What have you done?

MEL: It was a self-destruct button. What do you think it'll do?

NUANE: It will destroy Whitenoise.

VULQUEN: No, it must not be destroyed. I can't go out there, outside the Needle. I won't survive.

DOCTOR: You'll have to. I imagine the Needle will self-destruct too. We have to find as many survivors as possible and get them out.

WHITENOISE: Doctor, when I began detonating their chips, they tried to flee. Some may have escaped the Needle, but the majority I... I am sorry.

NUANE: Don't be. People like that, people like Vulquen here, they deserve what they get.

DOCTOR: No, Nuane. No one deserves (distant boom) It's started.

NUANE: Too late to argue morality then, Doctor.

DOCTOR: We should have about sixty seconds to reach the Tardis. Run!

(The Tardis materialises. Tardis door opens.)

MEL: I could have used an umbrella earlier.

DOCTOR: You always appreciate the things you need the most when you don't have them. Haven't you learned that today?

(Boom!)

NUANE: Look, the Needle.

VULQUEN: It's dying. It's a living construct. It was tied to Whitenoise. You people killed him.

NUANE: Good. Draun would have liked that.

VULQUEN: Liked what?

NUANE: Freeing you, Vi.

(Big boom.)

MEL: Doctor.

DOCTOR: It's all right, Mel. Residual psychic energy. The Red's gone.

VULQUEN: And so is my home. What do I do now?

NUANE: You should be happy. You have everything you wanted. You can hurt people down here, and be hurt back. It's real here, not some art form. Here you can develop your anger, Vi.

VULQUEN: That's what frightens me. I won't be able to live like this. I don't want that anymore.

NUANE: We were the same. We learned to come out from under the machine. You'll just have to learn to become human again. I remember you were, once.

DOCTOR: You have your violence again. Learn to control it. It's a part of human nature. It's a part of you. Well, I think that's all the loose ends tied. Time for us to go, Mel.

MEL: Not quite. What about your chip?

DOCTOR: Completely harmless now.

MEL: Good. I mean, I know you're not the violent type.

DOCTOR: I could be, Mel. I could be.

(Massive explosion.)

NUANE: It's stopped raining.

DOCTOR: Yes. It's stopped raining.